The Boss of Lazy Y

A "Two-Gun Man" Story of the Ranch Lands

CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER

Author of "THE COMING OF THE LAW," Pic.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.) Progress.

LUMET stood watching him. He felt Betty's hand on his arm, laid there restrainingly, but he shook her victously off, telling her to pity?" er own business." Malcolm had come forward; he stood behind

Betty. Dade had not moved, though a savage satisfaction had come into rel with you."

his eyes. Bob stood in front of the She turned abruptly and entered the

In response to the movement, "I'm perhaps the more poignant because he spologizin," he said. He turned to his horse. After he had climed into to appear unconscious of the embarthe saddle he looked around at Calu-met. He sneered through his swol-the load for him.

threatened.
"I'm your friend," jeered Calumet.

"I've been your friend since the day you tried to bore me with a rifle bullet out there in the valley—the day I come here—after runnin' like a coyote from the daylight. I've got an idea what you was hangin' around for that day—I've got the same idea You're tryin' to locate that en idel. You're wastin' your ilme. You're doin' more—you're my range again. That goes for the sneakin' thief you call your father, or

He stood, slouching a little, watchword he walked over to the sill upon which he had been working before the arrival of Taggart, seized a ham-mer, and began to drive wedges mer, and began to drive wedges wherever they were necessary.

Presently he heard a voice behind him, and he turned to confront Betty.

"I heard what you said to Taggart, to course, about him trying to shoot of course, about him trying to shoot him trying to shoot him trying to shoot him trying to shoot the deservence." of course, about him trying to shoot you. I didn't know that. He deserv-ed punishment for it. But I am sure part of the punishment you dealt well save your

laughed. "Then why didn't you He did not answer, driving another

He had considered carefully the impulse which had moved him to entice Taggart to the Lazy Y, and was convinced that it had been aroused through a desire to take some step to avenge his father. He told himself that if in the action there had been any desire to champion Betty he had not been conscious of it. It angered him to think that she should presume to imagine such a thing. And yet he had felt a throb of emotion when he had thanked him—a rejuctant, savage, resentful satisfaction which after changed to amusement. If she believed he had thrashed Taggart in Befense of her, let her continue to believe that. It made no difference one way or another. But he would take good care to see that she should have no occasion to thank him again. She did not interfere with the work, which went steadily on. The ranch-house began to take on a prosperous appearance. Within a week after the beginning of the work the sills were all in, the rotted bottoms of the studding had been replaced, and the outside walls patched up. During the next week the oid porches were torn down and new ones built in their places. At the end of the third week he roof had been repaired, and then here were some odds and ends that had to be looked to, so that the fourth week was nearly gone when Dade and calumet cleared up the debris. It is Dade who, in spite of Calumet's monastrances, went inside to anounce the news to Betty, and she me out with him and looked the work ove with a critical though approving, two Calumet was watching her, and when she had concluded her

To-morrow you can go to Lasette

and get some paint," she said.
"Want it done up in style, ch?"
"Of course," she returned; "wh
not?"

"Yes." Her gaze was steady. "I pity you in more ways than one."
"When did you think I needed any pity?" he demanded truculently, angered.

"Oh," she said, in pretended sur-prise, "you are in one of your moods again! Well, I am not going to quar-

stable door, trembling from excitement. But besides Betty, none of them attempted to interfere, and there was a queer silence when Taggart finally got to his feet.

He stood for an instant, glaring around at them all and then his gaze at last centered on Calumet. Calumet silently motioned toward Betty.

In response to the movement, "I'm perhaps the more poignant because he

opinion?" he demanded.

The paint, however, was secured,
Calumet making the trip to Lazette
for it. He returned after dark, and
Bob, who was sitting in the kitchen
where Betty was washing the dishes,
hobbled out to greet him. Bob had
been outside only a few minutes when
Betty heard his voice, raised joy-Betty heard his voice, raised joy-ously. She went to a rear window, but the darkness outside was imly he appeared, holding in his arm a three-month-old puppy of doubtful breed. He radiated delight.

"Calumet brought it!" he said, in answer to Betty's quick interrogation. "He said it was to take the place of Lonesome. I reckon he ain't after all—is he Betty?" Betty patted the puppy's head, lean-ing over so that Bob did not see the strange light in her eyes. "He's nice."

Betty rose, her face flushing. "No," at is so. Bob looked at her twice before he said, in a slightly disappointed voice,

When Calumet came into the kitchen half an hour later, having stabled his horses and washed his face and hands from the basin he found on the porch, he found his supper set out on the table; but Betty was now-

"Want it done up in style, sh?"
"Of course," she returned; "why not?"
You don't have to do the work."
She laughed. "I should dislike to it think you are lasy."
He flushed. "I reckon I ain't none lazy." He could think of nothing eise through the sitting room door, and calumet had been watching it, momentarily expecting to see Betty's shadow. "What's that?" he repeated. She looked at Dade, whose face was red with some emotion, but she spoke to Calumet.

"I don't think you ought to complain about the work," she said. "You were to do it alone, but on my own responsibility I gave you Dade."
"Pitied me, I reckon." he sneered.
"Yes." Her gaze was steady. "I pity you in more ways than one."
"When did you think I needed any pity?" he demanded truculently, angered.
"Oh!" she said in presented and a lot, anyway? "What's that?" said Calumet, he had been wondering if Betty had gone to bed, or whether she was in the sitting room, reading, as she was accustomed to doing. A light came through the sitting room door, and Calumet had been watching it, momentarily expecting to see Betty's shadow. "What's that?" he repeated. "You like him, sourly at first; and then, with a grafty grin on his face as he watched the sitting room door, he raised his voice so that if Betty were in the sitting room she could not help hearing it. "Well," he said, "you like him because I gave him to you, eh? Shucks. I reckon that ain't the reason Betty likes him."

Apparently Bob had no answer to

Apparently Bob had no answer to make to this, for he kept silent. But Calumet and a shadow cross the sit-ting room floor, and presently he ting room floor, and presently heard a light footstep on the sta He smiled and went on eating.

CHAPTER IV. Suspicion.

house were not finished by this time you would not be reading this," began a letter drawn from a tightly sealed envelope Betty had given Calumet after he and Dade had completed the painting.

Supper had been over for some time. but the dishes had not yet been cleared away, and when Betty had "She certainly does talk straight to the point," he said. "But I reckon she don't mean more'n half of it."

Calumet shot a malignant look at him. "Who in hell is askin' for your opinion?" he demanded.

Calumet the letter he had shoved the tablecioth back to make room for his elbows while he read. Bob had gone to bed; Malcolm and Dade were somewhere outside. Calumet had started to go with them, but had remained when Betty had told him quietly that she wanted to talk to him on a matter of importance. She sat opposite him now, unconcernedly balancing a knife on the edge of a coffee cup, while sne waited for him to finish reading the letter.

"Therefore," continued the letter, "by this time your heart must have softened a little toward me. I am certain of this, for I know that, in spite of your other weaknesses, cupidity and greed have no place in your mental make-up. I know, too, that you are no fool, and by this time you must have digested my first letter, and if you have you are not blaming me as much as you did in the beginning.

"I have talked this over with Betty.

and she is of the opinion that as you have thus far obeyed my wishes you should be permitted to have a free hand henceforth, for she insists that perhaps by this time the restraint she has put on you will have resulted in you hating her, and in that case

Betty?" he demanded of you have made friends with her. Perwas romping delightedly haps—I am not going to offer you any

He found Dade and Malcolm standing near the stable. There was a brilliant moon. At Dade's invitation they all went down to the bunkhouse. In spite of the dilapidated appearance of its exterior, the interior of the building was in comparatively good condition—due to the continual tinkering of Malcolm, who liked to spend his idle hours there—and Malcolm lighted a candle, placed it on the rough table, took a deck of cards from the shelf, and the three played "pitch" for two hours.

At the end of that time Malcolm said he was going to bed. Dade signified that he intended doing likewise. He occupied half of Calumet's bed. Since the day following the clash with Dade, Calumet had insisted in the room, gare in the room, gave him no clue to their identity. And then, as he moved closer to the door, he caught a laugh, low, but clear and musical. It was Betty's! He had heard it often when she had been taking to Dade; she had never Lughed in that voice when taking to him! He halted in his approach toward

and he was going to bed. Dade sig-nified that he intended doing like-wise. He occupied half of Calumet's bed. Since the day following the clash with Dade, Calumet had insisted

on this. "Just to show you that what you "Just to show you that what you the repairs on the ranch- said ain't botherin me a heap," he had told Dade. "You're still yearlin' and need some one to keep an eye on you, so's some careless son of a gun won't herd-ride you." That Dade accepted this in the spirit in which it was spoken made it possible for them to bunk together in amity. If Dade had "sized up" Calu-

met, the latter had made no mistakes, in Dade.

Dade snuffed out the candle and followed Malcolm out. The latter went immediately to the ranchhouse, but a down from the door of the bunkhouse.

"Red suits me," suggested Dade.
"Comin.""

"Tim smokin." a cigarette first, "and Calumet. "Mebbe two," he added as a street lough.

He watched Malcolm go in; saw the "South of the distinct of the door and distinct. There was amusement in the door and strict. There was amusement in the stitchen flare its light out through the kitchen flare its light out through the kitche

she has put on you will have she has put on you will have she says she will not care to remain here any longer. But as I have said. I do not think you are a fool, and nobody but a fool could hate Betty. So I have persuaded her that even if you should come to look upon her in that light she owes it to me to stay until the conditions are fulfilled.

To be sure, he had been only a boy at that time, but he had been a man since, and the cold light of reason should have shown him that there must have been cause for his father's brutal treatment of him—if indeed it brutal treatment of him—if indeed it

Them the exact words?

"Topy."

He halted in his approach toward the door, watching the light under it. listening intently, afflicted with indedistening intently, afflicted with inde-cision. At first he felt only a natural curlosity over the situation, but as he continued to stand there he began to feel a growing desire to know who Hetty was talking to. To be sure, Betty had a right to talk to whom she pleased, but this talk behind a barred door had an appearance of secrecy. And since he knew of no occasion for secrecy, the thing took on an element of mystery which irritated him. He

"You're the boss," said the man.
He laughed sgain, and then both voices became inaudible to Calumet.
A cold, deadly rage seized Calumet.
Betty was deceiving him, trifling with tance—derisive, defiant, mocking. Cal-

With savage energy and haste, he pulled on his boots, darted out of the house, ran across the rear porch, leaped down and ran around the nearest corner of the house. As he ran he jerked his pistol from its holister.

When he got to the front of the house he bounded to the door of the office and threw it violently open, exoffice and threw it violently open, ex-pecting to surprise Betty and her confederate. He was confronted by a dense blackness. He dodged back, fearing a trap, and then lighted a match and held it around the corner of one of the door jambs. After the match was burning well he threw it match was burning well he threw it into the room and then peered after it. There came no reply to this chal-lenge, and so he strode in boldly,

The room was empty. He saw how it was. I man had heard the barking of the dog and had suspected the presence of an eavesdropper. The man had fied. Probably by this time Betty was in her room. Calumet went out upon the porch, leaped off and ran around the bouse in a direction oppo-site that which had marked his course

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD The Girl Who Had No God

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Dominating everything in Calumet's mind this morning was the bitter contined thing more than rage in his heart thing more than rag Taggart face to face with Betty that morning more than a month ago the Arrow man had pretended insolence toward Betty in order to aliay any suspicion that Caiumet might have concurring the real relations between them. It had been done cleverly, too, so cleverly that it had convinced him. When he remembered the cold, disdainful treatment that Betty had accorded Taggart that afternoon he alimost smiled—though the smile was not good to see. He had championed her—ne knew now that it had been a serious championship—and by doing so he had exposed himself to ridicule; to Betty's and Taggart's secret humor.

He discovered as a serious in this emotion away from him as he faced her.

"You're slick," he said; "slicher than I thought you was. But I aim't lettin' you think that you're stringin' the like you thought you was. He put vicious and significent emphasis overheard the conversation between ber and Taggart.

He first ashamed of it, either," he shot back. "When a man's dealin' with crooks like"—He hesitated, and then gave a venomous accent to the words—"like you an' Taggart, he can't be over-scrupulous. I was strelletening. I heard Taggart ask you if

so he had exposed himself to ridicule; to Betty's and Taggart's secret humor.

He discovered an explanation for Betty's conduct while he fed and watered Blackler. It was all perfectly plain to him. Neither Betty nor Taggart had expected him to return to the Lasy x. Betty's actions on the night of his arrival proved that. She had exhibited emotion entirely out of reason. Undoubtedly she and Taggart had expected to wait the year specified in the will, certain that he would not appear to claim the money or the idot, or they might have planned to leave before he could return. But since he had surprised them by returning unexpectedly it followed that they must reconstruct their plans; they would have to make it impossible for him to comply with his father's wishes. They could easily do that, or thought they could, by making life at the ranch unbearable for him. That, he was convinced, was the reason that Betty had adopted her coid, severe, and contemptuous attitude toward him. She expected he would find her nagging and bossing intolerable, that he would leave in a rage and allow her and Taggart to come into possession of the violetty of the respective of the violetty of the respective of the violetty of the violetty

and bossing intolerable, that he would leave in a rage and allow her and Taggart to come into possession of the property.

Neither she nor Taggart would dare make off with the money and the idol as long as he was at the ranch, for they would fear his vengeance.

He thought his manner had already forced Betty to give him his father's letters and admit the existence of the idol—she had been afraid to lie to him about them. And so Betty was "stringing" him along, as Taggart had suggested, until he completed the repairs on the buildings, until he had the ranch in such shape that it might be worked, and then at the end of the year Betty would tell him that his reformation had not been accomplished, and she and Taggart would take legal possession.

But if that was their plan they were mistaken in their man. Until he had worked out this solution of the situation he had determined to leave. Betty's deceit had disgusted him. But now, though there were faults in the structure of the solution he had worked out, he was certain that they intended working along the string that they intended working along the him think like you're tryin to make me think, that you're macrificant yourself.

So then she was going to deny 21.7 Wrath rose in him. "Riddles, ch?" he said. 'Well, rid-

CHAPTER V.

Jealousy.

ADE was asieep when Calumet shot a quick glance at him, wondering whether he, also, was a party to the piot to "string" him. He thought he detected gratitude in the kitchen. When ne opened the kitchen door Bob's dog ran between his legs and received a kick that sent him, whining with pain and surprise, off the porch.

Wrath rose in "Riddies, ch?" he said. Well, "That reptile was sure botherin' you a heap," cut in Dade; and Calumet shot a quick glance at him, wondering whether he, also, was a party to the poit to "string" him. He thought he detected gratitude in more on the subject—then. But shortiy after the conclusion of the meal he contrived to come upon Betty outsides the house. She was hanging a dish towel from a line that stretched from a corner of the porch to the stable.

Looking at her as he approached, he was conscious that there was some more than rage in his hear

and then gave a venomous accent to the words—"like you an' Taggart, he can't be over-scrupulous. I was sure listenin'. I heard Taggart ask you if you was still stringin' me. If it hadn't been for that new pup which I

The frown on his face indicated that his intentions toward the latter were perfectly clear. (To Be Continued.)

GOING AWAY FOR THE

SUMMER? Remember The Evening World prints each week a complete up-to-date novel week's reading! Have The Evening World sent to your sur



When Tom is nineteen, fie feels that he is well prepared to take the regents' examinations for admission to law school. Accordingly he makes application for examination, first sending to the State Capitol for a card of admission.



With a last coaching from Burton, Tom goes to the examination room. He must successfully com-plete sixty regents' counts—forty-five in prescribed subjects and fifteen in optional ones.



As he goes through the examination he early dis-covers that it is by no means as easy as he had an-icipated, some of the questions being wholly unexa-sected in their nature.



Afterward, to his chagrin, he learns that he has not passed. One subject has been his Waterloo—an optional one, physical geography.

